YOU ARE THE DOCTOR #4

DEAD TO THE WORLD

BY MATTHEW J ELLIOTT

THE DOCTOR: SYLVESTER McCOY
Time traveller.

ACE: SOPHIE ALDRED
Time traveller's companion.

ADRIANA BEAUVAIS:
(F, 40+) Sullen spaceship captain.

MERVYN GARVEY:
(M, 30s-40s, maybe Northern?) Self-made computer millionaire, affable but somewhat overwhelmed.

CYNTHIA QUINCE:
(F, 20s-30s) Quirky passenger, a bit common.

BAILIFF:
(M, older) Prissy alien businessman.

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(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

SCENE 1: INT. DAEDALUS — COCKPIT

FX: EQUIPMENT NOISES ARE INFREQUENT AND DISCORDANT. ADRIANA SCRIBBLING A MESSAGE ON PAPER.

ADRIANA:
(V/O) "It's been so long since I had to write anything by hand, but there's not enough power for me to record a vid-message. I'm afraid whoever finds this might not recognise my writing, and think this confession's a forgery. I don't know what I can do to make you believe it's genuine. But it is. In just a few hours or days, it won't matter that I'm responsible for the deaths of a dozen people. Well, it might matter to you, but not to [me —]

FX: WITH JUST A COUPLE OF STEPS, GARVEY ENTERS.

GARVEY:
Adriana! Adriana!!!

ADRIANA:
(YELLS) You frightened the hell out of me!

GARVEY:
Sorry. What're you doing?

FX: SHE SCREWS THE PAPER UP.

ADRIANA:
Nothing. What do you want, Garvey?

GARVEY:
They answered your distress call!

ADRIANA:
They… what?

GARVEY:
There's a doctor in the lounge right now!

ADRIANA
A doctor?

GARVEY:
Cynthia's with him! It's all going to be all right! We're going home!

SCENE 2: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE

CYNTHIA:
I cannot tell you how long we've been waiting for you.

DOCTOR:
Can't you? Oh dear.

CYNTHIA:
Do you have any food?

DOCTOR:
Food? Let me see…

FX: HE RUMMAGES THROUGH HIS POCKETS.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid all I have is an apple.

CYNTHIA:
That's OK.

FX: SHE BITES THE APPLE.

CYNTHIA:
(MOUTH FULL) It's amazing.

DOCTOR:
Is the ship running low on rations?

CYNTHIA:
No, there's more to go round since everyone started dying. I know how that must sound.

DOCTOR:
I wonder if you do, Miss Quince.

CYNTHIA:
Cynthia.

DOCTOR:
Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:
Up until yesterday, I was still in hysterics. I suppose I've just come out the other side of it, you know, accepted things.

DOCTOR:
What things, precisely?

CYNTHIA:
That I was going to go the same way as everyone else, you know — liquefy. That's a funny word, isn't, liquefy?

DOCTOR:
It's not one of my favourites. What's causing it, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA:
You tell me. You're the doctor.

DOCTOR:
Yes, but I, uh, need more information before I can make a diagnosis. Prognosis. No, diagnosis. I think.

CYNTHIA:
Adriana must've told you what happened. Captain Beauvais, I mean. Mervyn and me, we call her Adriana now. When you're stuck together like this and you don't know who's going next, you don't bother with titles. So what do I call *you*?

DOCTOR:
Doctor. What's this ship's course, Cynthia? Where were you headed?

CYNTHIA:
There and back again. After I had the accident, I thought- why not?

DOCTOR:
Why not, indeed? **(BEAT)** I'm sorry, what accident?

CYNTHIA:
Three years ago, I was walking to work, went past a building site, this bloke on the scaffolding drops his hammer… **(WHISTLES, FOLLOWED BY A SPLAT SOUND).** The surgery I had! Tap my forehead. Go on.

FX: TWO TAPS AGAINST METAL.

DOCTOR:
Good grief.

CYNTHIA:
That's titanium, that is. Doesn't half give me a migraine when it rains. I'm lucky to be alive. I mean, I will be. If I live. Anyway, when my insurance money came through, well… I just wanted to see the world from space, have a real once-in-a-lifetime experience.

FX: THE DOCTOR SNAPS HIS FINGERS.

DOCTOR:
Space tourism! Yes, it was quite a fad in this period. Well, until the Daedalus tragedy, of course. (TUTS) Those poor people. (HESITANTLY) This ship wouldn't happen to be called the Daedalus… would it?

SCENE 3: INT. DAEDALUS — CORRIDOR

FX: ADRIANA AND GARVEY WALK AT A BRISK PACE.

GARVEY:
I expect we'll be going back in the Doctor's ship — leave the Daedalus behind.

ADRIANA:
I expect so.

GARVEY:
Adriana, I just want you to know — when we're back on the ground… you know, on Earth?

ADRIANA:
I remember where the ground is.

GARVEY:
There'll be no legal ramifications. What I'm trying to say is, uh…

ADRIANA:
You're not going to sue me. How magnanimous of you, Mr Garvey.

GARVEY:
I'll manage.

ADRIANA:
That's a weight off my mind.

GARVEY:
Probably start up another company.

ADRIANA:
It's just that easy for you, isn't it? "King of the entrepreneurs".

GARVEY:
I wanted to call my autobiography 'I Did It My Way,' but there were legal issues. Look, that doesn't matter.

ADRIANA:
None of it does.

GARVEY:
You don't have to think that way now. Once the Doctor's examined us, we can get out of here.

ADRIANA:
Looks that way, doesn't it, Garvey?

GARVEY:
I wish you'd call me Mervyn.

ADRIANA:
I wish you'd call *me* Captain.

SCENE 4: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE

CYNTHIA:
It started with the first spacewalk. It was supposed to be me, but I wanted to see someone else try it first, so I'd know it was safe. Poor- I can't even remember her name, isn't that awful? I suppose I thought we'd all have time to get to know each other.

DOCTOR:
It's a typical human failing to imagine there'll always be enough time.

CYNTHIA:
She was loving it, I've never heard anyone so happy. Then the thing happened.

DOCTOR:
If I'm to help you and your friends, Cynthia, I'm going to need a more detailed description than "the thing".

CYNTHIA:
I'm not really good with- you know-

DOCTOR:
Words.

CYNTHIA:
Yeah, them. OK, let me think. Nobody saw it coming, it was like a bolt from the blue- Bolt! That's the word. Like an- a beam or a burst or a bolt. Does the colour matter? — only I didn't notice.

DOCTOR:
I assume the spacewalk was recorded.

CYNTHIA:
All part of the package. You get a disc of your whole holiday experience. I'm not sure I want one now.

DOCTOR:
I'd like to see the incident for myself.

CYNTHIA:
That's not going to happen. There's barely enough power for life-support.

DOCTOR:
Odd, that. Please go on, this anonymous spacewalker was struck by an energy bolt.

CYNTHIA:
She wasn't anonymous, we just didn't get a chance to talk, that's all. After the Captain- Adriana — got her spacesuit off, she started to- Ugh! You've never seen anything like it!

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid I might have done.

CYNTHIA:
Half an hour, that was all it took. There wasn't anything left of her. Nothing recognisable, I mean. Just a load of goo — we had to pour it into the helmet, like soup.

DOCTOR:
A very particular variety of soup.

CYNTHIA:
It was tragic, really. Before the accident, she was so bubbly. And then afterwards… Well, she was still quite bubbly, actually. I suppose that must've been the methane.

DOCTOR:
So you, Mr Garvey and Captain Beauvais are the only ones left?

CYNTHIA:
Mervyn's been my rock. He's got such wisdom and life experience. And a nice bum for a man of his age. And he's successful — he does computers.

DOCTOR:
And what about the less fortunate passengers…?

CYNTHIA:
A few hours after that girl, there was another infection — Canadian bloke, I think. That was when we started losing power. And people kept dying — there were fourteen of us to start with. I reckoned we'd either starve or- what was the word I said?

FX: ADRIANA AND GARVEY ENTER.

ADRIANA:
Liquefy, probably. You must be the Doctor.

DOCTOR:
A pleasure to meet you, Captain.

ADRIANA:
I wish I could say the same. Hands up, please.

GARVEY:
Adriana, what the hell?

DOCTOR:
Firing a percussion weapon in a pressurized environment isn't a particularly wise idea.

ADRIANA:
The windows can take it. Besides, we're dead anyway.

GARVEY:
What are you talking about, he's a doctor!

ADRIANA:
He's a stowaway, a saboteur. No ship's docked with the Daedalus.

CYNTHIA:
Sorry, I am completely lost.

ADRIANA:
Are you alone, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Alone? Yes, totally alone.

SCENE 5: INT. DAEDALUS — COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

FX: ACE WALKING ALONG CORRIDOR.

ACE:
Anyone about? I'm not here to make trouble or anything, I just need to use a communications cons- (STOPS WALKING) Never mind, I found one. Right then…

FX: ACE PUNCHES BUTTONS ON THE CONSOLE.

ACE:
Oh, you must be joking. Come on, work!

FX: SHE TRIES AGAIN, BEFORE HAMMERING THE KEYS WITH HER FIST.

ACE:
What is the matter with you, you stupid machine? You're just lucky I don't have my baseball bat anymore.

SCENE 6: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE

DOCTOR:
Of course, even when I'm on my own, it can get quite crowded — half a dozen voices, each telling me they'd do things differently.

GARVEY:
I think he needs a doctor.

DOCTOR:
I *am* a doctor.

ADRIANA:
No more talking. You're coming with me.

DOCTOR:
(SIGHS)

GARVEY:
Are you sure you know what you're doing, Adriana? What if he knows how to cure this virus?

DOCTOR:
It's not any kind of virus, Mr Garvey.

CYNTHIA:
It's not?

DOCTOR:
I'd love to stop and tell you all about it, but for some reason your Captain has a strict "no chit-chat" policy. Still, food for thought.

ADRIANA:
Move!

FX: SHE PUSHES HIM OUT OF THE LOUNGE.

CYNTHIA:
He seemed so nice an' all. Who'd have thought it?

GARVEY:
Thought what?

CYNTHIA:
That he was a- you know, whatever he is.

GARVEY:
Something's not right here, Cynthia.

SCENE 7: INT. DAEDALUS — CORRIDOR

FX: ADRIANA MARCHES THE DOCTOR DOWN THE CORRIDOR.

DOCTOR:
I've met some closed-minded people in my time, Captain, but you're not even prepared to consider the possibility that I might be able to help you?

ADRIANA:
Nope.

DOCTOR:
Not much of a one for small-talk, eh? I'll be sure to make a note of it in my online review. "Captain Beauvais does not indulge in small-talk; tea and coffee-making facilities in all cabins."

FX: FOOTSTEPS STOP.

ADRIANA:
Actually, there are. Make yourself a drink while you wait.

FX: SHE TURNS A METAL WHEEL. THE CELL DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:
Thank-you. What exactly am I waiting for?

ADRIANA:
The same thing we're all waiting for, Doctor — death.

DOCTOR:
You're not going to shoot me? Not that I encourage or condone that sort of behaviour.

ADRIANA:
There's no need. Just give it time.

DOCTOR:
I always do. You know, I'm beginning to revise my notion of what constitutes a pressurized environment.

ADRIANA:
Get in the cell.

FX: HE STEPS INTO THE CELL.

DOCTOR:
Captain, I cannot for the life of me recall a virus capable not only of liquefying its victims, but also of shutting off your ship's power.

ADRIANA:
Well, now you'll have the opportunity to try and think of one.

DOCTOR:
Aren't you worried that someone might actually answer your distress call?

ADRIANA:
Not remotely.

DOCTOR:
I wonder why.

ADRIANA:
No you don't.

FX: SHE SLAMS THE DOOR SHUT AND SPINS THE WHEEL. THE DOCTOR KNOCKS ON THE DOOR'S GLASS PANEL.

DOCTOR:
(BEHIND THE DOOR) Excuse me, I can't seem to find the trouser-press.

SCENE 8: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE

GARVEY:
Why was Adriana so sure another ship hadn't docked with us?

CYNTHIA:
She's the Captain.

GARVEY:
She didn't know the Doctor was on board until I told her, but she was certain he couldn't have answered her distress call.

CYNTHIA:
Because she never sent it?

GARVEY:
That's what I reckon.

CYNTHIA:
Why would she just let us die, Mervyn? Let *herself* die?

GARVEY:
I don't care half as much about that as I do about letting the folk back on Earth know what's happening.

CYNTHIA:
It must be too late now!

GARVEY:
Computers are my business. If there's a drop of power that can be rerouted, I'll find it!

CYNTHIA:
That is the sexiest thing I have ever heard.

GARVEY:
Not a good time, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA:
Right.

SCENE 9: INT. DAEDALUS — CELL

FX: THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:
Don't feel too bad, it's a mechanical lock, it's hardly your fault, old- old… Funny, I spend so much time calling the TARDIS "old girl", I never stopped to think whether my sonic screwdriver has a gender. So are you a boy or a girl?

FX: THE SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:
Boy.

ACE:
(ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR UNTIL IT'S OPENED IN A MOMENT)
Would you two like to be left alone?

DOCTOR:
Ace. I was wondering where you'd got to.

ACE:
Have you ever worked out what percentage of your life is spent locked up like this?

DOCTOR:
Ace, get me out of here!

ACE:
I'm just saying, it'd be a big slice out of a pie chart.

FX: ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE DOOR, ACE SLOWLY TURNS THE WHEEL. THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:
I take it you had no success with that little task I gave you?

ACE:
(CAN NOW BE HEARD CLEARLY) If you knew beforehand, why did you even ask me? This isn't another one of your brilliant schemes, is it?

DOCTOR:
Hardly, but I'm assured that this ship is gradually powering down, and if that's the case, you wouldn't have been able to access the passenger manifest.

ACE:
What was the point of me doing that if this isn't where we were supposed to be going?

DOCTOR:
It's not where we were going, but I have a feeling it's where we need to be. Shall we be off?

ACE:
Not so fast, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Ace, I may make a habit of getting locked up, but I prefer not to be incarcerated for any longer than necessary.

ACE:
You know something, don't you?

DOCTOR:
I know many things, including the time it takes to cook a perfect omelette with the eggs of the Harkolian peahen.

ACE:
Something about what's going on here! That's probably why they locked you up.

DOCTOR:
Not precisely. But I have some very nasty suspicions.

ACE:
Then tell me what they are. After all this time, after everything, after Hex, haven't I earned that?

DOCTOR:
Have you ever heard me talk about the Galparians?

ACE:
Galparians? No.

DOCTOR:
I'm not surprised. There are some species even I fear. I always hoped the Earth would be spared their attentions. But I was wrong.

ACE:
So what are they, then? Conquerors, killer robots, what?

DOCTOR:
Worse than that. They're estate agents.

SCENE 10: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE

GARVEY:
We need a plan.

CYNTHIA:
Not really, there's only three of us on board. Four, if you count the Doctor.

GARVEY:
One of us has a gun. And it's not either of us. There's still some power in the cockpit — I need to work in there without distraction. Can I rely on you, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA:
No-one's ever relied on me before! Actually, lots of people have relied on me, but I've always let them down.

GARVEY:
Again, that's not really helping.

CYNTHIA:
Mervyn, I promise I will do my utmost for you. **(BEAT)** What *is* an ut?

SCENE 11: INT. DAEDALUS — CORRIDOR

FX: ACE AND THE DOCTOR WALK STEALTHILY

ACE:
So they want to sell the world?

DOCTOR:
They want to sell *this* world, as they have hundreds of thousands of others.

ACE:
Well… they can't.

DOCTOR:
Why not?

ACE:
It's ours.

DOCTOR:
Can you prove that? Do you have any official documentation?

ACE:
I don't even have my twenty-five metres swimming certificate any more. I thought this was going to be some sort of threat. Seriously, there is nothing scary about estate agents.

DOCTOR:
The Galparians' business methods make all other estate agents look ethical by comparison. I don't think you quite appreciate what's about to happen to your home planet.

ACE:
How could I, I've never had a place to sell.

FX: THEY STOP WALKING.

DOCTOR:
This is it — spacesuit storage. **(HE STRUGGLES TO TURN THE WHEEL)** Ace, would you mind?

ACE:
Do a sit-up every couple of hundred years, would you, Professor?

FX: SLOWLY, SHE TURNS THE WHEEL.

DOCTOR:
The Galparians have a standard operating procedure. Stage One: They identify a planet to which no-one has any legal claim. Stage Two: In order to make it more attractive to their clients, they beautify it.

ACE:
They should start with Middlesbrough.

DOCTOR:
To the Galparians, beautification means fumigation: the elimination of pests.

ACE:
Not liking the sound of that.

FX: THE DOOR OPENS.

DOCTOR:
Come along, Pest.

CONTINUES INTO:

SCENE 12: INT. DAEDALUS — STORAGE ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: THEY ENTER. THE ROOM HAS A METAL FLOOR.

ACE:
We've got spacesuits back on the TARDIS, you know.

DOCTOR:
I know. This is where they keep the remains of the crew's remains.

ACE:
In the suits?

DOCTOR:
In the helmets. Look at that.

FX: AS ONE OF THE HELMETS IS MOVED, THICK LIQUID SLOSHES ABOUT.

ACE:
This is what's left of those tourists? I'd say it was impossible, but- I know it's not. I've seen this before.

DOCTOR:
Have you?

ACE:
Yeah. At Gabriel Chase.

SCENE 13: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE

GARVEY:
(WHISPER) She's coming! Act natural!

CYNTHIA:
(HUMS TUNELESSLY)

GARVEY:
Natural-er!

FX: ADRIANA ENTERS.

ADRIANA:
What the hell's the matter with you two?

GARVEY:
Nothing. Just- the usual. Impending death and that.

ADRIANA:
Right. Our intruder's safely locked away.

CYNTHIA:
Do we know how he got on board?

ADRIANA:
I'm certain *you* don't, Miss Quince. I did a sweep of the ship, and I found a sort of- blue box… thing. I don't know what it's for, but he can't get to it now.

FX: GARVEY SLAPS HIS HANDS.

GARVEY:
Right! Well, I'm just off to, er, use the… facilities.

ADRIANA:
Don't give us a commentary, just go.

GARVEY:
Look, if something happens to me while I'm away, I just want-

ADRIANA:
It won't matter because the same thing will happen to us sooner or later.

GARVEY:
Good point. Yeah. Bye.

CYNTHIA:
Good luck, Mervyn.

FX: HE LEAVES.

ADRIANA:
I know what he's really doing.

CYNTHIA:
You do?

ADRIANA:
He wants a look at that box.

CYNTHIA:
Right! I expect so, yeah.

SCENE 14: INT. DAEDALUS — CORRIDOR.

FX: DOCTOR AND ACE WALK AT A RAPID PACE.

DOCTOR:
Think of it, Ace. If the Daedalus hadn't been directly in the path of the Galparian signal, what happened to the passengers would be happening all over the Earth!

ACE:
And this signal turns people into cream of mushroom.

DOCTOR:
It's programmed to activate the redundant DNA in the human system. Anyone who hears it reverts to a puddle of primordial sludge.

ACE:
That's the most evil thing I've ever heard!

DOCTOR:
That's estate agents for you. The program must've been downloaded by instruments on the original victim's spacesuit and then re-broadcast periodically throughout the ship.

ACE:
Good thing the power drain happened, they'd all be dead a lot sooner.

FX: SHE STOPS WALKING, AS DOES THE DOCTOR, MOMENTS LATER.

ACE:
Hang on, that doesn't make any sense! Why'd the Galparians design their program to do the one thing that'd stop it working properly?

DOCTOR:
They didn't. Someone else did that, and they probably did it from the cockpit.

ACE:
And now we're going to undo it?

DOCTOR:
No, it's the power drain that's keeping us alive. I just want to look at the passenger manifest. You wouldn't mind giving me a hand with the doors again?

SCENE 15: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE.

CYNTHIA:
Listen, Adriana…

ADRIANA:
Captain.

CYNTHIA:
It strikes me that we haven't really talked — got to know each other.

ADRIANA:
You know, we haven't.

CYNTHIA:
I know!

ADRIANA:
And I'll be damned if I'm going to start now.

CYNTHIA:
Rude. We'll just have to find another way to pass the time.

ADRIANA:
Like what?

CYNTHIA:
I don't know. What if I were to punch you in the face?

ADRIANA:
I'd like to see you try.

CYNTHIA:
Really? Would you?

SCENE 16: INT. DAEDALUS — COCKPIT.

FX: THE SONIC SCREWDRIVER WHIRRS.

DOCTOR:
It doesn't seem to be working. Perhaps if I reversed the popularity…

ACE:
Polarity!

DOCTOR:
Polarity, sorry. Haven't done that in a while. Oh well, old habits dye scarves.

FX: HE TRIES THE SCREWDRIVER AGAIN.

DOCTOR:
That's more like it! Good work, old boy!

ACE:
Why are we wasting time with the passenger manifest? If we weren't supposed to land on the Daedalus, why should we know anyone on board?

FX: THE MANIFEST BLEEPS ONTO THE SCREEN. 'SCROLLING' EFFECT.

ACE:
Besides, won't these Galparians just use their program again, as soon as they realise what happened?

DOCTOR:
Good questions all, Ace. And I have one for you — do any of these names seem familiar?

ACE:
No.

DOCTOR:
Look, one cancellation — interesting. A chat with Captain Beauvais is in order, I think.

FX: THEY MARCH OUT.

ACE:
(DEPARTING) Seeing as how she thinks you're locked up, how d'you suppose she's going to react?

DOCTOR:
(DEPARTING) Based on what little I know of her, I expect she'll be furious…

(BEAT)

GARVEY:
(TO SELF) I thought they'd never leave.

FX: HE RISES SLOWLY FROM A CONFINED AREA.

GARVEY:
(GROANS) Aah! That cramp's not going away anytime soon. At least they didn't see me. Well, Doctor, looks like you've done half my job for me — thanks! Let's hope Cynthia's keeping the Captain distracted…

SCENE 17: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE.

FX: A MASSIVE FIGHT. BROKEN FURNITURE AND GLASS.

ADRIANA:
(HER CRIES SUGGEST SHE'S GETTING THE WORST OF IT)

CYNTHIA:
You like that, do ya? Four years of martial arts training! Your gun's no good now, is it? By the way, I'm sick of the way you talk down to everyone, *and* there were no fresh towels in my cabin after the first day!

ADRIANA:
Think you're tough? This is what tough feels like! (THROWS PUNCH…)

FX: HER FIST COLLIDES WITH CYNTHIA'S METAL PLATE.

ADRIANA:
(HOWLS)

CYNTHIA:
Titanium, love! Top of the line!

FX: THEY HIT THE FLOOR, ADRIANA CONTINUES TO STRUGGLE.

ADRIANA:
Let-go-of-me!

CYNTHIA:
You'd like that, wouldn't you?

ADRIANA:
Obviously!

CYNTHIA:
Tough! I can keep you pinned down like this for hours!

ADRIANA:
When you let me up, I am going to kill you!

FX: THE DOCTOR AND ACE ENTER.

DOCTOR:
Not much of an incentive.

CYNTHIA:
Doctor!

ADRIANA:
And who's *this*?

ACE:
Did he say he had no-one with him?

ADRIANA:
Yes.

ACE:
He lied.

DOCTOR:
Ace, say hello to Cynthia Quince and Captain Beauvais. Ladies, there's no need to fight over me.

ADRIANA:
We're not!

DOCTOR:
Well, please stop, all the same.

ADRIANA:
What do you want on my ship?

ACE:
Long story short: aliens, real estate, deadly computer program, Earth in danger.

DOCTOR:
Now, Cynthia, would you be so kind as to let the Captain up, so I can shake her hand?

CYNTHIA:
What? Why?

FX: CYNTHIA AND ADRIANA GET UP.

DOCTOR:
For saving the planet. By shutting off the ship's power, she prevented the program from ever reaching Earth.

CYNTHIA:
She did that?

ADRIANA:
That's right.

DOCTOR:
But not for the sake of humanity. On second thoughts, I've had a change of hearts; I don't think I *would* like to shake your hand. You see, you didn't sacrifice the passengers on this ship to save the Earth… did you?

SCENE 18: INT. DAEDALUS — COCKPIT.

FX: GARVEY FINISHES TAPPING ON A KEYPAD.

GARVEY:
That ought to do it. Come get us, fellas.

FX: A CRUNCH OF A ROLLED-UP PIECE OF PAPER.

GARVEY:
Oh yeah. Cynthia's letter. What was that all about, anyway…?

FX: HE FLATTENS THE PAPER OUT

GARVEY:
(READS) "It's been so long since I had to write anything by hand…"

SCENE 19: INT. DAEDALUS — LOUNGE.

ADRIANA:
My reasons were far from petty, Doctor. Can you imagine the lawsuits I'd be looking at once we got back?

CYNTHIA:
Lawsuits?

ADRIANA:
Failure to provide adequate quarantine facilities.

ACE:
If by "adequate" you mean "any".

ADRIANA:
This is my company, my ship! It would've crippled me!

ACE:
Whereas, if you stay up here, you just get killed. You really have a weird set of priorities, you know that?

ADRIANA:
There's no point carrying on a life that's not worth living.

CYNTHIA:
We didn't get a say in that!

ADRIANA:
Who? You and the passengers whose names you couldn't be bothered to remember?

ACE:
You can carry on this fight when we get back on the ground — I'll even referee. But some aliens just tried to melt the human race! How long 'til they try again?

DOCTOR:
I think we have a little time, Ace. What's important is the original program's trapped inside the ship's systems. So long as no-one contacts Earth-

FX: GARVEY ENTERS.

GARVEY:
I did it, I contacted Earth.

DOCTOR:
WHAT!!!

GARVEY:
Distress call sent, just waiting on a reply. Who's your friend, by the way?

DOCTOR:
You idiot!

GARVEY:
Yeah, I just saved us all, no thanks to *you*, Captain!

FX: HE PRODUCES THE PAPER.

GARVEY:
Look what I found — a confession!

CYNTHIA:
That's old news, Mervyn.

DOCTOR:
Why will no-one listen to me when I'm calling them an idiot? The Galparian program will be embedded in that distress call! It's on the way to Earth right now!

ADRIANA:
How long do they have? Days?

DOCTOR:
Probably hours. Adriana, you may not care about anyone on this ship, but how do you feel about an entire world?

BEAT.

ADRIANA:
What do you want me to do?

DOCTOR:
Restore power.

ADRIANA:
On it!

FX: SHE LEAVES AT A RUN.

CYNTHIA:
I thought if that happened, we were all dead.

ACE:
It's not going to matter if there's nowhere to go home to!

GARVEY:
Hold on, hold on. I'd like an explanation if it's not too much trouble.

DOCTOR:
It is! Where's the nearest communications console?

CYNTHIA:
Ten metres down on your left.

DOCTOR:
Come on, Ace!

FX: HE LEAVES.

GARVEY:
I'm not following this at all. What's a Galparian, and what's this about a signal?

ACE:
There's no time for this any more! Look, you trusted the Doctor when you thought he was here to help, didn't you?

GARVEY:
So?

ACE:
He really *is* here to help. He just didn't know it then. Gotta go!

SHE EXITS INTO:

SCENE 19: INT. DAEDALUS — COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

FX: THE DOCTOR TYPES AT SPEED.

DOCTOR:
I do so hate last-minute complications!

FX: ACE ARRIVES, RUNNING.

ACE:
What are you doing?

DOCTOR:
Several ingenious things at once — I hope. It all depends on the Daedalus's processing capacity.

ACE:
Cross your fingers, then.

DOCTOR:
I'd rather not — it's going to make locating the Galparians even trickier.

ACE:
You're never going to be able to get in touch with them from here!

DOCTOR:
I don't need to. I just need to locate one of their advertising satellites… express my interest…

FX: HE STOPS TYPING.

DOCTOR:
… and wait for a response.

FX: THE BAILIFF'S VOICE IS DISTORTED AS IT COMES OVER A SCREEN.

BAILIFF:
Good-day, valued customer.

DOCTOR:
Am I speaking to the Galparian Bailiff?

BAILIFF:
You are indeed, Mr…?

DOCTOR:
Doctor. The Doctor.

BAILIFF:
As you wish. And you're interested in… **(LOOKING IT UP)** the planet… Earth.

DOCTOR:
It's just come on the market, I understand.

BAILIFF:
Yes. What can I tell you about it? Do you have any questions?

ACE:
I've got a question. Why don't you take your rental service and-

DOCTOR:
Ace!

BAILIFF:
Children, they're such a blessing, aren't they? And so boisterous.

DOCTOR:
Oh, she'll sleep tonight.

BAILIFF:
Rest assured, there's plenty of space for her to tire herself out on Earth.

DOCTOR:
Yes, about the name…

BAILIFF:
It is a bit on the ordinary side, isn't it? If you buy outright, you're welcome to change it as you wish (SUDDEN SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH — PAINED) Ahhh! Itching.

ACE:
That'll be your conscience prickling.

DOCTOR:
Ace, please. The bailiff and I are negotiating.

FX: THE BAILIFF SCRATCHES.

BAILIFF:
Do forgive me. Must be a reaction to something. Speaking of which, you're not allergic to water, by any chance?

DOCTOR:
Water?

BAILIFF:
There's rather a lot of it, on Earth. If you want the oceans filling in, we can recommend a good contractor — he's fully licensed, very reliable.

DOCTOR:
That won't be necessary. You see, I have no intention of purchasing the Earth.

BAILIFF:
A hoax call. I see. I thought someone of your age would know better.

FX: HE SCRATCHES AGAIN.

DOCTOR:
I'm afraid I never learn. But you misunderstand me. The planet is off the market. I need you to issue the kill code that will nullify your 'Beautification' process.

BAILIFF:
Ummm… No.

DOCTOR:
I thought you might say that. Which is why I added a small incentive.

ACE:
Did he have that rash before?

BAILIFF:
Rash! **(SHRIEKS)**

DOCTOR:
Now that I have your attention… I want you to issue your kill code. Then I'll issue mine.

ACE:
Yours?

FX: SCRATCHING FRANTICALLY NOW.

BAILIFF:
What's happening to me?

DOCTOR:
It becomes unpleasant rather quickly, fatal shortly thereafter.

ACE:
You did this, Doctor?

DOCTOR:
Sh! The kill code, please, Bailiff.

BAILIFF:
Yes! Yes! Ow! Ah!

FX: HE SCRATCHES AND TAPS KEYS (A TONE ACCOMPANIES EACH TAP).

BAILIFF:
There! Now you!

DOCTOR:
With pleasure.

FX: THE DOCTOR USES HIS KEYBOARD.

DOCTOR:
Oh, and if you're thinking of attempting something like this again, I've been looking over your own bye-laws. It appears that by saving the Earth on multiple occasions, I am now its *de facto* owner.

ACE:
You are?

DOCTOR:
Feel free to check my bona fides with the races I've confounded. You might want to start alphabetically, with the Autons and the Axons, or you could just jump straight to the Daleks.

BAILIFF:
The Dal… That will not be necessary. The planet is no longer among our listings! Good day!

FX: THE TRANSMISSION CUTS OUT.

DOCTOR:
And that, Ace, is what's known as "hard bargaining."

SCENE 20: INT. DAEDALUS — COMMUNICATIONS CONSOLE

FX: DOCTOR, ACE, CYNTHIA AND GARVEY APPROACH.

ACE:
You know, sometimes I forget how ruthless you can be, Doctor.

DOCTOR:
Ruthless? Nonsense! I have a positive over-abundance of ruth.

ACE:
You did to the Bailiff exactly what he did to humanity.

DOCTOR:
Not exactly. (FX: ALL STOP WALKING) My program was merely a simulation of a touch of Draconian scale rot. It might itch a bit for a year or six. You don't disapprove, I hope?

CYNTHIA:
I don't. — So this is that blue box Adriana was talking about?

GARVEY:
I hope it's roomier than it looks.

DOCTOR:
Deceptively so.

GARVEY:
Ace tells me you're the rightful owner of the Earth now.

DOCTOR:
So it would seem.

GARVEY:
Should we be worried? I mean, do you have any plans for it?

DOCTOR:
One or two ideas in the short term. And what about you, Mr Garvey? Cynthia tells me you "do" computers.

GARVEY:
That's where I made my money, yeah. But the space tourism business… Maybe there's still a future in it. 'Course, it'll probably take about ten years to build up investor confidence.

DOCTOR:
Twelve. **(BEAT)** I would imagine.

CYNTHIA:
Oh, nearly forgot! Captain Beauvais says she's sorry she couldn't be here to see you off. Something like that, it was hard to make out through a locked door.

GARVEY:
I wonder if the authorities will arrest her or give her a medal.

ACE:
Maybe both.

DOCTOR:
Well, it's been a thin slice of heaven, but Ace and I really must be going.

FX: HE TURNS A KEY AND OPENS THE TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:
Cynthia, Mervyn — I wish you better luck with your next holiday.

DOCTOR AND ACE ENTER INTO:

21: INT. TARDIS — CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

FX: DOORS CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

DOCTOR:
Where next, Ace? The TARDIS is yours to command.

ACE:
I wish. I don't think it wants me at the controls.

DOCTOR:
She.

ACE:
Suit yourself. You can tell her I know when I'm beaten — you can choose the destinations from now on. **(DEPARTING)** Any aliens show up wanting to kill me, point them in the direction of my room.

DOCTOR:
I'll tell them not to wake you. **(PAUSE)** I know what you're playing at. I'm talking to you, "Old Girl". You're the one setting the controls, and I think I know why. You're looking for someone, aren't you? Someone who fell foul of the Porcians?

FX: THE CONTROLS BEEP.

DOCTOR:
I thought so. And that same someone was invited to Edwin Norris' party under the name 'Ms Zingiber' … and was a guest at the Grand Betelguese Hotel… *and* failed to take her place on the Daedalus.

FX: ANOTHER BEEP.

DOCTOR:
You've not been having much success, have you? So… let me help.

FX: A BEEP OF ASSENT, FOLLOWED BY THE DEMATERIALISATION NOISE.

MUSIC: CLOSING THEME.